Glo. To fight on Edwards partie for the crowne,
And for his meede (poore Lo.)he is mewed vp:
I would to God my heart were flint like Edwards,
Or Edwards ſoft and pitifull like mine,
I am too childiſh, fooliſh for this world.
Qu. Mar. Hie thee to hell for ſhame, and leaue the world
Thou Cacodemon, there thy kingdome is.
Ri. My Lo. of Gloceſter in thoſe buſie dayes,
Which here you vrge to proue vs enemies,
We followed then our Lo. our lawfull king,
So ſhould we you, if you ſhould be our king.
Glo. If I ſhould be? I had rather be a pedler,
Farre be it from my heart the thought of it.
Qu. As little ioy (my Lord) as you ſuppoſe
You ſhould inioy, were you this countries king,
As little ioy may you ſuppoſe in me,
That I enioy being the Queene thereof.
Qu. Ma. A little ioy enioyes the Queene thereof,
For I am ſhe, and altogither ioyleſſe.
I can no longer hold me patient.
Heare me you wrangling Pyrats that fall out,
In ſharing out that which you haue pild from me:
Which of you trembles not that lookes on me?
If not, that I being Queene, you bow like ſubiects,
Yet that by you depoſde, you quake like rebels:
O gentle villaine do not turne awae.
Glo. Foule wrinckled witch, what makſt thou in my ſight
Q. Ma. But repetition of what thou haſt mard,
That will I make, before I let thee go:
A husband, and a ſonne thou oweſt to me.
And thou a kingdome, all of you allegeance:
The ſorrow that I haue by right is yours,
And all the pleaſures you vſurpe are mine.
Glo. The curſe my noble father laid on thee,
When thou didſt crowne his warlike browes with paper,
And with thy ſcorne drewſt riuers from his eies,
And then to drie them, gau'ſt the Duke a clout,
Steept in the faultleſſe bloud of prettie Rutland:

His

His curſes then from bi
Denounſt againſt thee
And God, not we, hath
Qu. So iuſt is God t
Haſt. O twas the fou
And the moſt mercile
Riu. Tyrants them
Dorſ. No man but pr
Buck. Northunberla
Qu. M. What? were
Readie to catch each o
And turne you now yo
Did Yorkes dread curſ
That Henries death, m
Their Kingdoms loſſe
Could all but anſwere
Can curſes pierce the c
Why then giue way du
If not by warre, by ſurf
As ours by murder, to
Edward thy ſonne, whi
For Edward my ſonne,
Die in his youth, by hk
Thy ſelfe a Queene, for
Outliue thy glorie, like
Long maiſt thou liue t
And ſee another, as I ſe
Deckt in thy glorie, as t
Long die thy happie da
And after many length
Die neither mother, wi
Riuers and Dorſet, you
And ſo waſt thou Lo:
Was ſtabd with bloudi
That none of you may
But by ſome vnlookt a
Glo. Haue done thy
Q. M. And leaue o u

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